

A NEW
VERSION
OF SOME
Select PSALMS.

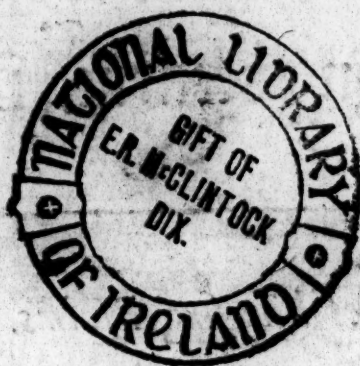
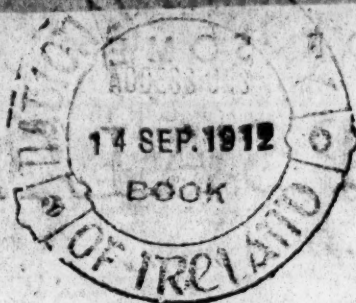
By John Stearne, D. D.

Is any merry? Let him sing Psalms. Jam. V. 13.

*Why shou'd Our Church, unto her Spouse and King,
More hoarse, more harsh, than any other Sing?
Dr. Donne.*

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TO THE
READER.

FROM *TATE* expect the Charms of Poetry:
Devotion only was design'd by, Me.

Either do not my humble Lines condemn,
Or Print thy own, that I may Censure them.
Martial.



Psalms

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SOME

Select Psalms, and Portions of Psalms, &c.

P S A L M I.

1. **H**E's blest who by no ill Advice
 Ungodly Deeds commits;
 Nor in the Way of Sinners stands;
 Nor with the Scornful sits.
2. But in the Sacred Law of God
 Has plac'd his chief Delight,
 And, in God's Law, his pious Thoughts
 Employeth, Day and Night.
3. He shall be like a grateful Tree
 That by the Water lives,
 And, in due Season, kindly Fruit,
 Unto the Planter, gives.

His Leaf shall still continue Green,
 As in a constant Spring;
 And God will, all his good Designs,
 To full Perfection, bring.

4. The Wicked are not like that Plant;
 But empty Things and light;
 Like Dust of Chaff toss'd by the Wind,
 And driven from our Sight.
5. They, therefore, in the Dreadful Day
 of Judgment, shall not stand;
 Nor of their Number be, who shall
 Be plac'd on God's right Hand.
6. For, God, approving righte'ous Ways,
 Shall them, with Glory, crown;
 But, to eternal Grief and Shame,
 Sin leads the Wicked down.

P S A L M IV.

1. **O** Lord, my God and Righte'ous Judge;
 Give Ear when I do call;
 Thou, in the Day of Troubles, hast
 Redeem'd me from them all.

The Mercies which I have receiv'd
 To pray embolden me;
 Have mercy, therefore, and accept
 The Pray'rs I make to Thee.

2. O Sons of Men, how long will Ye
 Mine Honour thus blaspheme?
 How long will Ye love Vanity,
 And blast, with Lies, my Name?

3. Know that the Lord dos for Himself,
 The Godly Person chuse:
 And, when I call upon the Lord,
 He'll not my Pray'r refuse.

4. Fear, then, the Mighty God alone;
 In secret try Your Heart;
 And, from all wicked Practices,
 Resolve for to depart.

5. Let Righte'ousness be unto God
 Your Sacrifice most just:
 In his great Mercy, and his Pow'r,
 With firm Assurance, trust.

6. While many worldly Goods desire,
 That I may happy be,
 The Light of thy own Countenance,
 Lord lift Thou up on me.

7. My Heart, from thy enlarged Love,
 More gladness dos receive,
 Than all abounding Stores of Corn,
 Of Wine and Oyl can give.

8. I will both lay me down in Peace,
 And undisturbed sleep:
 Thou, in the midst of all my Foes,
 Dost me, in safety, keep.

P S A L M VI.

1. **I**N Anger, Lord, rebuke me not
 For my offending Thee;
 Nor let thy hot Displeasure lie
 Too heavy upon me.

2. On me have mercy, gracious Lord;
 Thy Chastn'ing makes me weak;
 Heal me, O Lord; for all my Bones
 Thy Rod dos vex and break.

3. Around my poor distressed Soul,
 How many Troubles throng?
 Whilst thou do'st justly punish me;
 But, thou, O Lord, how long?

4. Turn thee, O Lord; unto my Soul,
 All speed, with Succour, make;
 O! let thy Mercies save me, now,
 For thy own Mercies Sake.

5. For, who remembers thee, O Lord,
 When Death has clos'd his Eyes?
 Who, in the Dark and Silent Grave,
 Thy Mercy magnifies?

6. As

6. As often as the Day comes on,
 With Groans, I weary grow;
 As constantly as Night returns,
 My Eyes, with Tears, o'erflow.

In such a spreading Stream they waste
 The Fountain of my Eyes,
 My Body sits in Tears all day,
 All Night in Tears it lies.

7. With weeping on my Couch and Bed,
 My Beauty dos decay ;
 Because of all mine Enemies,
 My Strength is worn away.

8. Surely the Lord regards my Tears ;
 9. Ye Sons of Men depart :
 The Lord my mournful Prayer hears,
 The Lord accepts my Heart.

10. All my defeated Foes shall grieve
 This joyful Turn to see ;
 Confounded they shall be, to find
 My God so kind to me.

P S A L M XI.

1. **W**HY shou'd Ye now advise the Man
That dos on God rely,
With all the speed of fearful Birds,
Out of the Land to fly?

2. For, thô the Wicked bend their Bow,
And Arrows do prepare,
To shoot, in secret, at those Men,
Who truly Upright are:

3. Thô Justice, and Fidelity,
And Mercy too be gone,
(To break those Pillars of a State)
What have the Righteous done?

4. The God who dos in Heaven dwell,
From his most holy Seat,
Considers the oppressed Poor,
And strictly marks the Great

5. The Lord allows the righte'ous Sou'
And, in Affliction, loves;
But, to all prospe'rous wicked Men,
An angry Judge he proves.

6. On

6. On them ensnar'd, a Rain of Fire;
 With Brimstone mix'd, shall fall;
 Such a tempestu'ous Storm shall be
 The Porti'on of them All.

7. The righte'ous Lord dos pleasure take
 In all that are upright;
 And round the Just, his Countenance
 Dos spread a chearful Light.

P S A L M XI.

[*Another Metre*]

1. **H**OW say Ye to my Soul
That dos on God rely,
With all the speed of fearful Birds
To safer places fly ?
2. Tho wicked Men their Bow,
And Arrows do prepare,
To shoot, in secret, at those Men
Who truly upright are :
3. Tho the Foundati'ons fail
On God my hope I'll Build ;
No Ill a righteous Soul has done,
To Fears, can make It yield.
4. God, who in Heaven dwells,
From his most holy Seat,
Considers the oppressed Poor,
And strictly marks the Great.

5. The Lord allows the Just,
 And, in Affliction, loves :
But, to all prosp'rous wicked men,
 An angry Judge He proves.

6. On them, a sudden Rain
 Of Fire and Brimstone, shall
Like a tempestu'ous Storm, descend,
 To overwhelm them all.

7. The righte'ous Lord is pleas'd
 With all that are upright ;
And round the Just his Countenance
 Dos spread a chearful Light.

P S A L M XIII.

1. **H**OW long, O Lord, wilt Thou delay
 To grant what I Implore?
 How long wilt thou thy favour hide?
 O Lord, for evermore!

2. How long shall I consult in vain,
 To free my Soul from Grief?
 How long shall all my Foes Rejoice,
 And I find no Relief?

3. O Lord, my God, consider Me,
 And hearken when I weep;
 Lighten my Eyes, O Lord, lest I
 In endless Darkness sleep:

4. And lest my Ene'mies say, in scorn,
 We have successful prov'd:
 Lest wicked men that trouble me
 Rejoice when I am mov'd.

5. In thee, O Lord, my Soul did trust,
 When all about was sad;
 And in thy great Deliverance,
 Shall be exceeding glad.

6. When Thou, in thy good pleasure, Lord,
Hast kindly dealt with me,
With Heart and Voice, I will address
Due Songs of Praise, to Thee.
-

P S A L M XV.

1. **L**ord, who shall dwell within the Church
That's Militant below?
And, when this mortal Life is don,
To the Triumphant go?
2. Ev'n he that is sincerely Just;
And uncorrupted lives;
3. Who speaks the Truth, ev'n from his Heart;
Whose Tongue, no Man, deceives.
- Who hath not any evil Thing
Unto his Neighbour don;
And hath no slanderous Reports
Continu'd or begun.
4. Who unto all that honour God
No due respect denies;
But, dos, all such as disobey
His holy Laws, despise.

Who

Who sacred Promises to Man;
 With just Intenti'on makes,
 And, to save any wordly Good,
 His Promise never breaks.

5. Who is no griping Usurer :
 And no reward will take
 To favour an unrighte'ous Cause,
 Or Innocence forsake.

This Man shall dwell within the Church
 That's Militant below;
 And, when his mortal Life is don,
 To the Triumphant go.

P S A L M XXII.

I. **O** why, my God! my God!
Am I forsook by Thee?

II. When trouble's near, O why art Thou
So far from helping me?

2. With Cries I fill the Day,
But, Lord, thou hearest not;
My Groans out-last the tedious Night,
And yet are all forgot.

4. Our Fathers thou didst save,
Who, in thy Name, did trust:
But I am like a Worm, despis'd,
And trodden in the Dust.

7. All look on me with Scorn;
They shake their heads, and say,
The God he own'd, deliver him,
8. From this most dismal Day.

My Cries they gladly hear;
17. My Wounds, with Joy, they see:
But, thou, O Lord, thou art my Strength,
Make Haste with help, to Me.

P S A L M XXIII.

1. **M**Y watchful Shepherd is the Lord,
In my Necessities
I'll not despair ; for all my Wants
His lib'ral Hand supplies.
2. In Safety, to the quiet Streams,
By Him, I'm gently led;
He, in green Pastures, spreads for Me,
A Table and a Bed.
3. When, in the Paths of Sin, my Soul,
Expos'd to Danger, strays,
For his Name's sake, He brings Me back,
Unto his righte'ous Ways.
4. Tho' I walk through the darkeſt Vale
Of Death, I will not fear ;
His Rod dos guide, his Staff support,
And He is with, Me there.

5. My

5. My Foes, with grief, shall see his Hand
 My Board, with Plenty, crown ;
 My Cup, with cheartul Wine o'erflow ;
 My Head, with Oil run down.

6. As constant as my Life to me
 God's Goodness still shall prove ;
 With Him, I will live here Below,
 And ever dwell Above.

P S A L M XXV.

6. **T**Hy Mercies to the Penitent,
 Lord, to Remembrance call,
 And thy old loving-kindnesses
 Express'd unto them All.
7. For thy great Goodness grant, O Lord,
 The Mercy I implore,
 My Sins of Youth and riper Years,
 Remember, Lord, no more.
11. For thy own Glory, Lord, forgive
 My great Iniquity;
 Forgiving such Offences, will
 Thy Mercy magnifie.
19. My Enemies encrease without,
 17. My Sorrows grow within;
 16. In Mercy, Lord, look down on me;
 18. Lord, pardon all my Sin.

P S A L M XXX.

1. I'LL magnifie thy Name, O God,
And give all Praise to Thee,
Because Thou hast not made my Foes
To triumph over me.
2. O Lord my God, to Thee, I cri'd,
And thou wast pleas'd to save ;
3. To grant Me my desired Health,
And keep Me from the Grave.
4. Now, therefore, O Ye Saints of God,
With Songs, Your Praise, express ;
At the Remembrance of his Love.
Make known Your Thankfulness.
5. For his enliv'ning Favour lasts ;
His Wrath is quickly gon ;
Grief stays a Night ; but, with the Morn,
A greater Joy comes on.

P S A L M XXXI.

1. **O** Righteous Lord, in all Distress,
I put my Trust in Thee;
That I may never be ashamed,
Do Thou deliver me.
2. Bow down thine Ear to me, O Lord,
And thy Deliverance speed:
Be Thou my Castle and my Rock,
To Save in Time of need.
3. For thy Name's sake, be Thou my Guide,
My Feet, in safety, lead
Th'rough all the Paths, which my Distress
Compelleth me to tread.
4. O! draw my Feet out of the Net,
Which Men, in secret, laid;
Thou art my strength, and canst redeem
When I am most betray'd.
5. O God of Truth! in past Distress
Thou didst Salvation send;
Now, therefore, Lord, into thy Hands,
My Spirit I commend.

P S A L M XLI.

1. O Blessed Man! whose Heart and Hands
The needy do relieve;
In time of Trouble unto him,
God will Deliv'rance give.

2. God's Providence will guard his Life,
And keep him in Distress:
His worldly Goods God will encrease,
And all his Substance bless.

Thô He may fall into the Hands
Of most revengful Foes,
God will not, to their full Desire,
His harmless Soul expose.

3. The Lord, all tender Care of him
Will, in his Sicknes, take;
And easy his Sick-bed must be,
Which God himself dos make.

4. Lord! I have sinned against Thee;
Sin deeply wounds my Soul;
In Mercy, O my God, to me,
Thy Pardon make it whole.

P S A L M XLII.

1. **T**He thirsty Hart, in Desarts chas'd,
Pants for the Water-brooks :
And after thee, O God, my Soul,
With long Impati'ence, looks,
2. To God, ev'n to the living God,
My Soul wou'd fain draw near :
Before the Presence of my God,
O ! when shall I appear.
3. While many say, Where is thy God ?
4. Where, now, in time of Need ?
My Tears employ me Day and Night ;
And on, my Tears, I feed.
4. They faster flow when I think on
Those joyful Holy-days,
When I went crouded to God's House,
To offer up my Praise.

5. Why art Thou, O my Soul! cast down?
 With Grief why so opprest?
 Why art Thou so disquieted,
 So restless in my Breast?

O! trust in God; and hope to see
 Those blessed Times return,
 When thou, my pleasing Sacrifice
 Didst, on his Altar, burn.

PSALM

P S A L M XLVI.

1. **G**Od is our Refuge and our Strength,
 Whilst we his holy Precepts love;
 In time of trouble, ready Help,
 He sends his People from above.
2. We will not fear althô the Earth
 Shou'd from its old Foundati'ons flie,
 Thô all the Nati'ons of the World
 Shou'd in most sad Confusi'on lie:
3. Thô all the Great ones of the Earth
 With Pride shou'd Swell, with malice Rage,
 And to destroy the Church of God,
 With one Consent, their Pow'ers, engage.
7. The great and glori'ous Lord of Hosts
 With our Confed'rate Army sides,
 In Jacob's ever living God,
 For good Success, our Host Confides.

8. Come and behold what God has don
 With grateful and admiring Eyes,
 What Desolati'ons He hath brought
 Upon the Church's Enemies.

9. He breaks, at once, the Bow and Spear,
 And in the Fire the Char'ot burns;
 Throughout the World, all bloody Warrs,
 Into an healing Peace, he turns.

11. The Great and Glori'ous Lord of Hosts
 With our Confede'rate Army sides,
 In Jacob's everliving God,
 For good success, our Host confides.

P S A L M LI.

1. **I**N thy great loving kindness, Lord,
Have mercy upon me:
Let thy own tender Mercies now
For Pardon plead with Thee.
2. How is my Soul all over stain'd!
So guilty I have been:
O! wash me throughly from my Faults,
And cleanse me from my Sin.
3. Long have I strove to hide from Man
My horrid Wickedness;
But now my Sins, with Grief and Shame,
I willingly confess.

My Sin, in such a gastly Form,
Appears unto my sight,
All Day, my Conscience It torments,
And breaks my Sleep, at Night.

4. Against Thee onely have I don
This Evil, in thy sight;
Just is thy Sentence pass'd on me,
Thy Judgment, Lord, is right,

O! purge and wash me in the Streams
 Which from thy side did flow;
 And then my Soul shall be more clean,
 More white than purest Snow.

8. Say to my Soul, Thy Pardon's Seal'd;
 And such a welcome Voice
 Will soon restore my broken Bones,
 And make them all rejoyce.

P S A L M LIV.

1. **L**ord, let thy Servant now
 Thy great Salvation see :
 For thy Name's sake, O ! let thy Pow'r
 And Mercy succour me.

2. In my distressed State,
 O God, my Prayer hear ;
 Unto the Words of my Complaint
 Incline a gracious Ear.

3. Malici'ous Men conspire
 To take my Life away ;
 They fear not thy All-seeing Eye,
 Nor any Judgment-Day

4. Behold ! God is my Help :
 How vain is all their might !
 For them that do uphold my Soul
 The Lord himself dos fight.

5. According to his Word,
 Justice, at length, will fall
 Upon my treache'rous Enemies
 And quite destroy them all.

6. My grateful Sacrifice,
 To him, I'll freely bring :
 'Tis Just, O Lord, that, to thy Name,
 We shou'd our Praises sing.

7. From all surrounding Streights
 The Lord hath set me free :
 Mine Eyes have seen my Enemies
 Retreat, in haste, from me.

P S A L M LVI.

1. **B**E merciful, O God, to me,
For Man wou'd me devour,
He's labou'ring still to trouble me,
And fighting ev'ry hour.
2. Mine Enemies are, all the Day,
Prepar'd to swallow me :
How many fight against my Life,
Thou, from on high, dost see.
3. But, tho sometimes I am afraid,
I'll praise and trust Thee too;
4. I'll trust in thy most faithful Word;
Not fear what Flesh can do.
9. I know that God is on my side,
And when, on him, I call,
Then shall my Foes be put to flight,
And into Ruin fall.
10. In the Lor'ds Word I will rejoyce,
11. My Comfort it shall be ;
So shall I never vainly fear
What Man can do to me.

12. The Vows, a troubled Soul, to Thee
 13. My great Deliv'rer, made,
 By my redeemed Soul, shall be
 With all Devoti'on, pay'd.

When thou dost, in thy wonted Love,
 My Feet from falling save,
 I'll walk before my God, till I
 Go down into the Grave,

PSALM

P S A L M LXVII.

1. **T**Hy Mercy, Lord, we humbly begg;
And for thy Blessing call;
O! let thy chearful Countenance
Shine brightly on us All.

2. Such wond'rous Goodness will invite
The Heathen to thy Grace,
And make all Kingdoms of the World
The Christi'an Faith embrace.

3. Hasten, O Lord, the blessed Time
When Gentiles shall no more
Dumb Idols serve; But, Jesus Christ
And One Great God, adore.

4. Converted Nations shall rejoyce
To see thy Righte'ous Laws,
And thy mild Government behold
With Gladness and Applause.

5. Hasten, O Lord, the blessed Time
When Gentiles shall no more
Dumb Idols serve; but, Jesus Christ
And one great God, adore.

6. The

6. The Church encreas'd, the Earth it self
 Her own Encrease shall give ;
 And our own God shall blefs us all,
 That like his People live.

O! may the Glorious King of Heav'n
 Blefs all his Subjects now ;
 May all the Earth, in coming Years,
 Unto his Scepter bow.

P S A L M LXX.

1. **H**Aste thee, O God, that I
 Thy timely Aid may see;
 As speedily as Troubles come,
 Come thou, O Lord, to me.

4. O! let all those that seek
 The God of Heaven, be
 Transported in their Souls with Joy,
 And ever glad in Thee.

Let all such as delight
 In thy Salvati'on, say,
 With grateful Hearts and chearful Voice,
 The Lord be prais'd allway.

5. Consider, Lord, I am
 Poor and in misery;
 Thy Mercy, Lord, relieves the Poor,
 Make Haste, O God, to me.

Thou art my Help, O Lord,
 Thou my Redeemer too,
 O come Lord Jesus! quickly come!
 My dear Redeemer do.

P S A L M LXXIII.

18. **I** know that prosp'rous wicked Men
In Slipp'ery places stand;
How are they into Ruine cast
By God's avenging hand!

19. From all their height of Wealth and Pow'r
They suddenly descend;
Consuming Terrours, when they fall,
Their guilty Souls attend.

20. Their Bliss is but a flatt'ring Dream,
That's slighted when we rise;
For, thou, O Lord, when thou awak'st,
Their Image shalt despise.

25. Whom have I, Lord, in Heave'n but Thee,
To love and to admire?
Besides Thee, there is none, on Earth,
Can quiet my Desire.

26. My Body and my Soul do fail,
But God do's both restore,
He is my Heart's supporting Rock;
My Portion, evermore.

P S A L M

P S A L M LXXXIV.

1. **H**OW lovely is thy House of Pray'r,
O Lord of Hosts, to me!
2. My Soul desires, my Soul dos long
Thy holy Courts to see.
3. The envi'd Sparrow finds an House,
The Swallow builds her Nest,
Ev'n round thy Altars, Lord of Hosts,
And there both breed and rest.
4. Blessed are they that, in thy House,
Have leave to spend their Days;
They celebrate thy Majesty,
In constant Songs of Praise.
8. Thou Lord of Hosts! Thou living God!
My hearty Prayer hear;
O God of Jacob unto me!
Give an attentive Ear.

9. O God our Shield! behold the Face
Of thine Anointed King;
Defend him from his Foes, abroad,
And home, in safety, bring.

10. One Day, in thy delightful Courts,
Well spent in praising Thee,
Is better, than a thousand Days
In Palaces, to me.

P S A L M C.

1. **L** Et all the People in the World
2. **L** To serve the living God rejoyce;
Let all before his presence come,
And sing with a triumphant voice.
3. Consider that the Lord is God;
We are his People and his Sheep,
His Pow'r, at first, did make us all,
His care dos still both feed and keep.
4. O come into his holy Courts,
With Praise and with Humility,
For all the Blessings he bestow's,
His Name devoutly magnifie.
5. For God is gracious unto us,
His mercy is an endless Store;
And to fulfil his Promises
His Truth endures for evermore.

P S A L M CIII.

13. **A**S Fathers the most tender Love,
Unto their Children show;
So mercies come from God above,
To all his Sons below.

14. He knows of what we all are made,
That we from Dust descend;
He knows that what began in Dust,
At last, in Dust shall end.

15. The Days of Sinful Man on Earth,
Like with'ring Grass, decay;
Like lovely Flow'rs he flourisheth,
And quickly fades away.

Unshelter'd Flowers, in open Field,
Soon feel the piercing Blasts;
To such sharp Tempests Man's expos'd,
And little longer lasts.

16. When

16. When rougher Winds pass o'er the Flow'rs
 What can their Grace restore?
 They're gon for ever, from our sight,
 Their Place knows them no more.

17. Tho' righte'ous Men thus close their Days,
 God's Goodness never ends;
 But, when they perish in the Dust,
 Up'ôn their Race descends.

PSALM

P S A L M CVII.

23. **T**hey that in Ships, unto the Sea,
On just Occasions go,
24. The Works of the Almighty there,
And his great Wonders know.
25. When, at his Word, black Tempests rise,
And rolling Waves swell high,
26. They're carri'd down, into the Deep,
And up, unto the Skie.
27. Their Spirits sink at ev'ry Blast,
And ev'ry threatning Wave ;
Their utmost Pow'r and Skill cannot
Their reeling Bodies Save.
28. Then to the God of Winds and Seas,
They piously address ;
And tho' the Storm be ne'er so loud,
God hears them, in Distress.
29. He bids the working Billows, rest ;
The raging Winds, be still ;
And in a calm Obedience, both
Fall down, and do his Will.

30. Being, at length, by friendly Gales,
 Brought to their Port and Rest,
 Both by their Looks, and by their Tongues,
 Their Gladness is exprest.

31. O that Men wou'd, with thankful Hearts,
 Such Goodness oft repeat,
 And tell how God has don for them,
 Things wonderfully great !

P S A L M CXII.

1. **H**OW many Favours, and how great,
God on the Man bestows,
Who, in his Ways, with awful Love,
And greatest Pleasure goes !
2. A Race of mighty Pow'r on Earth,
Shall from his Loins descend ;
And on his late Posterity
What Blessings do attend !
3. Riches, by unexpected Streams;
Into his House flow fast ;
And his well gotten Substance shall
To many Ages last.
4. When, in the Day of Trouble, all
Is dark before his Eyes,
Both to direct, and comfort him,
A glorious Light shall rise.

7. When

7. When others evil Tidings dread,
 8. They cannot make him start;
 Trusting in the Almighty Arm
 Dos firmly fix his Heart.

5. For what he lends unto the Poor,
 6. And dos on them bestow,
 9. His Soul shall live, with God, above,
 His Name with Men, below.

P S A L M CXVI.

1. **B**Ecause the Lord, unto my Pray'rs,
2. Did timely Answers give,
I'll love the Lord; and call on him,
As long as I do live.
3. When Snares of Death, and Pains of Hell,
4. Encompassed me round,
I said, O Lord, deliver me,
And speedy succour found.
5. Our God is Merciful and Just;
The simple He dos save:
When I was press'd with Miseries,
To me, his Help, He gave.
7. God hath rewarded thee, my Soul;
Return unto thy Rest,
From all the Doubts and Fears, which thou
In Trouble hast exprest.
8. My Feet, the Lord from falling kept,
My Eyes he freed from Tears,
My Soul he has redeem'd from Death,
And all its restless Fears.

12. What shall I give to Thee, O Lord,

13. For all thou'lt don for me?

The Cup of Blessing I will take,

And humbly call on thee.

9. Regarding thy all-seeing Eye,

16. Whilst I remain below,

In all the safe and pleasant Paths,

Of Vertue I will go.

14. My Vows, which were in secret made,

18. Now, in God's House, I'll pay :

17. The Sacrifice of Pray'r and Praise,

I'll offer ev'ry Day.

PSALM

P S A L M CXXVI.

1. **W**hen God his captive People brought
Unto their Native Seat,
All seem'd but a deluding Dream ;
The Blessing was so great.
2. With Laughter all our Mouths were fill'd,
All Tongues with Joy, that Day;
The Lord hath don great things for them,
Then did the Heathen say.
3. And well may we that are return'd
Say, with a grateful Voice,
The Lord hath don great things for us,
Whereof we now rejoyce.
4. Compleat, O Lord, and speed the Work,
Which thou hast thus begun ;
As great and sudden Showrs of Rain
Dry Desarts over-run.
5. He that goes weeping to the Field,
6. And burys his good Grain,
With Joy shall see the risen Seed,
Come Home in Sheaves again.

P S A L M CXXX,

1. **O** Lord, out of the dreadful Deep
of Sin and Misery,
I, with a loud and earnest Voice,
Sent up my Cries to Thee.
2. Tho thou, O Lord, dost dwell on high,
Thou canst hear my Complaint,
Bow down thine Ears unto my Voice,
My Supplications grant.
3. Lord shou'd'st thou strictly mark how Men
Transgress thy just Command,
At thy impartial Judgment-Seat,
What Man, O Lord, cou'd stand?
4. But, there is Mercy still with Thee,
That dos our Sins forgive;
Mercy, that dos encourage All,
To fear their God, and live.

P S A L M CXXX.

[*Another Metre.*]

1. **O** Lord, out of the Depths
Of Sin and Misery,
I, with a loud and earnest Voice,
Sent up my Cries to thee
2. Tho thou dost dwell on high,
Thou canst hear my Complaint;
Bow down thine Ears unto my Voice,
My Supplications grant.
3. Lord, shou'd'st thou mark how Men
Transgress thy just Command,
At thy impari'al Judgment-Seat,
What Man, O Lord, cou'd stand ?
4. But, Mercy dwells with Thee,
That dos our Sins forgive;
Mercy, that dos encourage All
To fear their God, and live.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

1. **O** Lord, my Acti'ons, Words, and Thoughts,
 2. Are all distinctly known
 4. To Thee; whose Eyes are still on me,
 Rising and lying down.
3. Thou art about my Path by Day,
 5. At Night, about my Bed;
 Thou dost look th'rough my whole Design,
 In all the Ways I tread.
6. Such Knowledg of the Heart of Man
 Can be attain'd by none;
 A thing so wonderful and high,
 Belongs to God alone.
7. From thy unbounded Presence then,
 Lord, whither shall I flie?
 Or, whither shall I go, to hide
 From thy all-seeing Eye.

P S A L M CXLVII.

7. **U**Nto the Lord of Heav'n and Earth,
 Psalms of Thanksgiving bring;
 Upon the Harp, unto our God,
 Becoming Praises sing.

8. Who, in the Clouds of Heav'n, prepares
 Rain for the Earth below;
 Which, on dry Mountains, makes the Grass,
 As in rich Meadows, grow.

9. The Grass he gives for Nourishment,
 Unto the hungry Beasts;
 And feeds the Ravens, when they call
 Upon him, from their Nests.

10. 'Tis neither Man nor Horse, that can
 Help in a doubtful Fight;

11. But, to save such as hope in him,
 His Mercy dos delight.

12. Let our deliver'd Church and State
 Rejoyce with one accord,
 Thy God praise O Jerusalem!
 O Sion! praise the Lord.

13. For

13. For, he has strongly barr'd thy Gates;
And all thy Children blest ;
14. He fills thee with the Flour of Wheat ;
And gives thy Borders Rest.
16. His kindly hoar-frost on the Ground,
He dos, like Ashes, strow ;
And, as with Wool, keeps warm the Corn,
O'erspreading It with Snow.
17. His Icy Hailstones, from the Air,
Are violently roll'd :
And when Hail, Snow, and Ice prevail,
Who can endure his Cold ?
18. At his Command all melt away ;
The thawing Winds do blow ;
And swelling Streams, their common Banks,
With Gladness overflow.

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F I N I S

